

## I don't mean it

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## I don't mean it

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Peter Parker was the brightest, kindest, most caring, generous and selfless kid Tony had met. Tony should know; he sees the kid everyday now that he lived in Stark Tower. So when Peter's attitude adjusts (not for the better) and his innocent kid changes, Tony notices.

OR

Peter gets taken by HYDRA and they control him to get information from the Avengers and no one finds out until it's too late.

\_\_ I need to rewrite this whole thing XD \_\_

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Summary

Peter's day starts out great! It goes downhill quick...

Peter woke early on Monday morning, a change but pleasant none the less. He was always late for school. Whether it be because he slept in after a long night of patrolling or because he had to stop on the way to school to stop a mugging, he was always late. Maybe he could get to school on time today. Maybe he could surprise his teacher, Mr Harrington, and get on time for once. Mr Harrington wouldn't believe it. (That's how bad he was at getting to school early.) He could even spend some time with Ned and MJ before school. Peter pushed his blankets off and got out of bed. He got dressed into an oversized blue sweater and some black jeans before leaving his room, grabbing his spare bag (he'd lost his other one on patrol) from the back of his door as he did so. 'Good morning, Peter,' FRIDAY's robotic voice came from above as he walked through the hall. 'Morning, FRI!' he replied cheerily. Peter had always loved FRIDAY. She was beginning to form a sense of humour and some sarcasm that Peter loved. Even though he would've loved to meet JARVIS, who Tony talks about a fair bit, FRIDAY was the best. Peter walked into the kitchen and saw his Uncle Bucky and Uncle Sam cooking bacon and eggs in their pink 'MUMS RULE' aprons Peter had gotten them for Christmas the year before, while his Uncle Clint, Uncle Steve and Aunt Nat sat at the island bench in the centre of the room.

'Hey, Petey,' Clint greeted happily as Peter sat down in between him and Nat. Clint reached across the table and grabbed a plate that was piled with toast, bacon and eggs, pushed it towards him and smirked.

'Eat up Pete; all spider-kids need their breakfast,' he teased.

'I'm the only Spider-kid,' he shot back, smirking but digging in anyway.

A few minutes later, his plate almost empty, the kitchen door opened, revealing Tony Stark. 'Hey, kid,' Tony mumbled tiredly as he came into the kitchen, ruffling his hair as he made a beeline for the coffee machine.

'Hey, Mr Stark!,' he replied, trying to smooth down his ruffled hair.

'You ready for school?' Bruce asked, entering the kitchen after Tony, giving Peter his homework that he'd asked Bruce to look over.

'Yeah, pretty much,' he replied, taking the papers with a thanks as he finished his last bite of toast.

'Good, Happy's waiting outside,' Tony said, sitting down with his coffee.

'Oh! Okay, see you after school!' he said to everyone, receiving a series of 'bye Pete!' or 'Bye kid!' as he left.

He never should have left. -==

On his way to school in the back of Happy's black car, Peter's spider sense was going haywire. It was really freaking Peter out. He didn't know why, there was nothing he could see going on.

The hair on the back on his neck stuck out and he felt goosebumps rising on his arms. Peter was terrified. He didn't even notice Happy pull up to Midtown High. He just stared at the seat in front of him in his curled up position, eyes wide as he tried to get his stupid spider sense to stop messing up.

'-ong? Kid, you good?' Happy's voice startled him. He looked up at Happy's concerned gaze and breathed in shakily.

'Yeah... I'm fine,' he murmured, talking to himself more than Happy. 'I'm f-fine...' He opened the car door and got out.

'Hey, kid!' Happy called out. Peter looked back at Happy's troubled gaze. 'You sure you're good?' he asked.

'Mhm. I'm fine,' he said. He shut the door and walked up Midtown's steps, Happy watching him uncertain if he should take him back home or leave him. He decided to leave him. He was sure he'd be fine once he found his friends.

He drove off, not even noticing the three black cars branded with small skulls outside Midtown.

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## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Peter being Peter get captured cause he's Peter.

Peter nervously walked up Midtown High's steps, his spider-sense flaring in the back of his head, but he couldn't see why. There was nothing at all to be worried about. Everything was normal. So why couldn't he breathe? Why couldn't he just calm down? Peter made his way to the top of the stairs and grabbed the door, opening it, when something caught his eye. It wasn't much, just someone dressed in black dashing around the side of the building, but it set his spidey sense off and Peter knew better than to ignore it. At least he thought that was better.

Peter followed, sneaking around after the person. And immediately regretted it. As soon as he rounded the corner out of anyone's view, men in black vests with guns jumped out from behind trees and dumpsters and began surrounding him. What was going on?

'Hello, Spider-man,' one said. Peter's eyes widened. In surprise and fear. How did they know he was Spider-man?

To make matter worse, Peter was helpless. His web-shooters were in his bag with empty web fluid (today he had chemistry and was going to stock up) and his suit was at home; Mr Stark was making some improvements. He couldn't fight back- the security camera above them (yes, the one installed by a paranoid Tony Stark) would catch everything. The men began to close in on him and the last thing he remembered was the man hitting their gun to the side of his head before everything went black.

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Ned and MJ sat next to each other in form class, whispering anxiously. They had saved a seat for Peter but he was yet to show. They had seen him sneaking around the side of the building but just assumed that maybe one of the Avengers had called him over. They tended to do that alot; call him over to pick him up early, or check up on him, or even give him his homework he had forgotten. So they didn't think much of it though. They only started to worry at lunch. It had been three hours since they'd last seen him.

'Where do you think Peter is?' Ned, asked, checking his phone for the billionth time .

'Oh my gosh, Ned! Stop asking! I already told you, I don't know!' MJ replied. If she hadn't been so worried about Peter, she would probably be drawing Ned in her sketchbook right now. He looked worried sick and after all, she loved drawing people in crisis.

'He isn't answering his phone! Ned cried, spamming Peter with worried emojis and questions.

'Listen, if he doesn't reply by the end of school, we'll call Mr Stark,' they'd grown quite close to the man ever since he'd adopted Peter. 'He's probably fine,' she said.

Ned nodded hesitantly. 'I hope he is.'

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Peter's eyes snapped open. Where was he? Who were those men? What did they want? He looked around and saw about seven people, all dressed in white lab coats along with safety glasses and masks. They were all attending to either him or something on lab trays around him. One person noticed he was awake and grabbed a syringe off a tray and approached him, flicking the syringe to make sure it was working. Peter tried to struggle against the cuffs as the man brought it to his skin but they were too strong.

'What was that?' his voice croaked.

'It won't matter to you soon,' he replied. Another man came and brought to metal plates (like when

Bucky was brainwashed) to his temples.

They turned on a switch and his head began to throb. He felt tension increase in his head. His whole body hurt, like someone was burning his entire body. It was too loud, every sound hurt. It was too bright, the lights made his eyes burn. He couldn't take it and started screaming in agony. And then it stopped.

The room was so silent you could hear a pin drop. He couldn't feel anything. he tried to look around but his head didn't move. The handcuffed at his sides were released and he tried to get up, attack them, escape, do something. But his body wouldn't move, wouldn't cooperate. Why couldn't he move? Just move. Move. move movemovemove. The man stepped forward. Peter tried to get up, escape, but he couldn't.

'Sit up,' the man said. Didn't he know Peter couldn't-

He sat up. But he hadn't even tried. He hadn't done anything. His body was moving at its own accord.

He just wanted to go home.

But he couldn't because stupid Peter couldn't look after himself and now he was being controlled. Yay.

'Hail Hydra,' the man said.

He found himself repeating. 'Hail Hydra.'

## Chapter 3

Tony sipped his coffee, studying his work. He'd been working on improvements to Peter's suit, trying to make it safer so Peter wouldn't get hurt so much on patrols or missions. He had just added a parachute, a shield and a spare web canister and was about to finish up when he got a phone call. He dug his phone out of his pocket, thinking it was Peter and looked at the screen to confirm it. But it was Peter's school. What had the kid gotten himself into now?

'Stark,' Tony answered, holding the phone between his shoulder and cheek as he wiped his greasy hands on a rag.

'Hello Mr Stark, this is Jessica Welts, Midtown's administrator, I'm here to ask why Peter was absent today?'

'Sorry, what?' Mr Stark asked, thinking he heard wrong.

'Your son, Peter, didn't come to school today, I need to know why he wasn't at school for the records,' she elaborated.

'Oh, umm,' Tony couldn't help but feel worried. Why hadn't Pete shown to school? 'He was sick, sorry I forgot to call in about it,' Tony lied. He assumed it was best, he needed to figure out if this was Spider-man related.

'Ok, thank you, Mr Stark, have a good afternoon,' she finished, hanging up.

Tony stood up, leaving his lab and going to look for Peter. It'd been half an hour since Peter should have finished school, so if Happy had still picked him up from wherever he had been, he should be back about now. He went upstairs to the tower's penthouse and as he stepped out of the elevator, he saw his kid on the couch.

'Kid! Why weren't you in school? I told you, no skipping school for Spider-man,' Tony asked, approaching him.

Peter looked up slowly, his once bright, excited eyes cold and dark.

'Pete, you good?' Tony asked, worried. 'What happened?'

'Nothing you need to be concerned about,' Peter snapped. Peter. His Peter snapped. At him. Peter got up and stormed off to his room, leaving Tony shocked.

Peter was the brightest, kindest, most selfless, caring and generous person Tony had ever met. So when he started snapping, yelling and changing, Tony noticed. And Tony worried.

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Happy sat in his chair in the department of security, and couldn't help but think about how Peter was acting strange. Kind, caring, precious Peter. This morning when he had dropped Peter off, he'd looked petrified but said he was 'fine'. Yeah right. And then, when he'd been picked up, he had a bruise on the side of his head and wasn't the Peter he knew. Wasn't the chatting, bubbling, excited Peter.. Peter Parker hadn't been... Peter...

So, when Tony came down and asked him about it, Happy had told him this. And Tony hadn't looked more worried.

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Peter was crying. Not his body, his mind. Inside his head, he was screaming, crying, begging to be released. But it never happened. He had to watch himself yell at Happy, someone he loved. Even though Happy would never admit it, Peter had made him soft, just as he'd done with Tony. And when he snapped at his father, the person he loved and cherished, he felt his heart break.

He hoped Tony would remember him for who he was being Hydra.

He hoped Tony would forgive him.

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The next day at breakfast, Peter had left for school without saying goodbye. Without breakfast, without his usual greetings and jokes, without his spark.

And all the Avengers noticed.

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As Happy drove Peter to school, they were both silent.

Peter, who couldn't speak, was forced to stay silent, no matter how much he wanted to apologise, give the man a hug even if he wasn't the hugging type.

Happy, who was afraid to speak to Peter, who looked empty. Cold.

Happy pulled the car over when he reached Midtown, looking at Peter through the rear view mirror. Peter grabbed his bag and got out.

'Kid!' Happy called. Peter stooped and looked back, glaring. 'Be good,' he said, not knowing what else to say. Peter wanted to tell him 'I will, I'm sorry but Peter just rolled his eyes and slammed the door, making Happy wince.

As Happy drove off, Peter advanced up the stairs and walked into the school. Inside, Peter felt dread, remorse and guilt. He just wanted to be Peter again, hang out with his friends, joke around with his family and hug his dad. But stupid Hydra had other plans.

As Peter went to his locker, he was greeted by a worried Ned.

'Peter! Where were you yesterday? Me and MJ were worried! Why didn't you answer my texts?,' Ned rambled.

Peter slammed his locker closed, causing Ned to flinch and people around them to stare.

'It's none of your business,' he snapped. Peter winced mentally. If he could, he'd probably be crying, hugging Ned, apologising non-stop. But he couldn't, so he stormed off, leaving a hurt and shocked Ned.

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At lunch, Peter sat alone. He was hungry, but apparently Hydra wasn't. So, Peter was forced to sit in the corner and glare at anyone and everyone.

Peter felt horrible. He hated being mean to his friend. Best friend. What if he never got the chance to apologise?

Peter's blood ran cold. What if he was controlled forever? What if he never got the chance to laugh with the Avengers, build legos with Ned, hang out with MJ, hug his dad? What if he was a prisoner for the rest of his life?

Peter just wanted everything to go back to normal.

Ned and MJ walked over to him and MJ looked furious.

'Peter, what the heck is wrong with you?!' she yelled. Peter glared. No surprise there. 'How could you yell at Ned? He just wanted to make sure you were okay!' she said, before her eyes...

softened. 'Look. I know you're upset about May but you can't snap at Ned for trying to help.'

Peter didn't deserve MJ or Ned.

'I can and I will.' He said. He hated himself more than ever.

'Excuse me?!' MJ was furious.

Peter wanted to apologise so bad. He just wanted to be Peter. He was so so so so sorry. He needed help, he couldn't handle this. He wanted help. Help, help, help

'Help,' he whispered. Peter was shocked. He said 'help'. Peter said it. Not Hydra. He said something on his own!

'Peter, what?'

'Get lost,' he said, but MJ didn't.

'You just said help,' she said staring into his eyes, as if she was trying to find something.

'Don't know what you're talking about,' he said. But he did and all he need was- 'Help,' he said again. Inside, Peter was overjoyed. Maybe he could fight this. Maybe he could control himself again. Maybe he could escape.

'Peter, what's wrong with you?' Ned asked, stepping forward and doing the same as MJ.

'Nothing! Help. Go away!' They couldn't ignore a third help, Peter hoped.

'But, Peter-' Ned was cut off by something none of them expected to hear. 'I'm sorry,' Because he was. He was sorry. But HYDRA wasn't. 'Stay away from me, or else,' MJ and Ned looked at each other and walked away hesitantly, glancing suspiciously back at him. Peter hoped they would receive his cry for help.

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## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Across the cafeteria, Ned cringed as he watched his best friend glare at the rest of the school. He and MJ sat in silence, knowing something was wrong with Peter; they just didn't know what. Now that they knew there was something deeper occurring in his attitude, it made them feel worse. 'We have to figure out what's going on with him,' Ned had said, voice shaking. 'Obviously,' MJ replied, not helping at all. But inside, she really liked Peter. She hated seeing him like this. He'd said 'help' three times. His voice had been cold and angry, then- poof! Desperate, scared, then- poof again! Back to angry.

It hadn't been Peter telling them to leave, it was someone, or something else.

But it had been Peter calling for help. Peter apologising.

Ned quickly interrupted their silence. 'Remember the Winter Soldier?'

MJ gave him a look. 'How could you fan boy over the Winter Soldier when there's something wrong with your best friend?'

'No, stupid. The Winter Soldier was brainwashed by Hydra!'

'Not following,' she said, shaking her head.

Ned rolled his eyes. 'Peter might not have control over his actions,' Ned eased, trying to get MJ to understand. Her look of confusion changed to understanding and horror, which was quickly masked by her neutral face.

'How do we know for sure?'

'We talk to Tony'.

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Ned and MJ didn't bother continuing school. They knew it would be pointless anyway. So they called Happy, telling him it was urgent and about Peter and he showed up, taking them to the Tower.

The car ride had been relentless and anxious. They couldn't stop worrying about Peter so as soon as Happy pulled up they were running inside, Happy close behind them.

As Happy took them up in the elevator to Mr Stark's penthouse, he looked at them worriedly.

'Do you know what's wrong with him?' he asked nervously.

'We think,' Ned replied, uneasily.

The elevator came to a stop and the three got off in the living room. As they walked in, they saw Tony watching the news in shock.

'Tony?' Happy asked, following his gaze.

There was someone dressed as Spider-man but his red and blue colours were replaced by black. He was swinging right past a fire, not bothering to stop and help. Was this Peter or an imposter?

MJ and Ned knew it was and wasn't Peter. It was him but if he could, he'd already be helping.

Tony and Happy just wondered what had to the kid.

'Tony, Peter's friends need to talk to you. They say it's important,' he said, snapping him out of his surprise.

Tony looked to them confused.

'Mr Stark, we think... We think Peter might have been brainwashed like the Winter Soldier or something because when we were talking to him, He was telling us to leave when he said help. He said it again when we asked him why he said it and he said he was sorry,' Ned looked at MJ and back to Tony. 'Were just really worried. We need help,' he finished.

Tony looked deep in thought, considering this theory. He stood up, looking at the ceiling.

'FRIDAY, call a meeting. I want all Avengers there,' he looked to Ned and MJ, 'you too,' he said before leaving.

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Tony sprinted down the hall to his lab. He needed to make sure this was true. He entered his pin when he reached his lab door and presses his hand down on the panel to scan. The screen turned green and he entered, swiftly moving to his desk.

'FRIDAY, give me full access of all security cameras around Midtown form yesterday morning,' he demanded, watching the screens intently. He watched Peter walk up the stairs and reach the door. Tony was about to switch to the inside cameras when he saw Peter sneak around the side of the building. Tony switched to the perimeter cameras and watched. He found what he needed. He even noticed the small skulls with 6 tentacles on the 3 black cars outside Midtown that Happy had failed to notice.

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## Chapter End Notes

I WILL NOT BLAME HAPPY... mr stark will...

but they will make up... i think... i need to get some help.

comment and leave a kudos pretty pls... i need motivation...

## Chapter 5

Natasha's lungs heaved as she punched the punching bag. She'd been at it for an hour now, punching her feelings away. Not that it ever works of course, it's just a distraction. Another distraction was the Tower's training room door opening, revealing a certain spider-kid.

'Hello, паук,' she greeting fondly as he walked in.

Peter just glared at her, making Natasha confused. Was he mad at her?

Peter walked over to the advanced training course. This course had activities that were made to focus on super strength, super speed and super powers in general. Which other than Peter, (who wasn't allowed on it) the only people who had this was Steve and Bucky. (Wanda didn't count)

'What are you doing, паук? Tony said you weren't allowed on that one,' she said, dropping her fists and walking over.

'I can handle myself,' he replied angrily, his voice rough.

'Паук, what is going on with you?'

'Stop calling me that and leave me alone!' he yelled. Natasha was shocked. Peter never yelled.

Peter turned around and faced the course, before walking straight to the parkour area. Natasha had never even seen Steve or Bucky complete it and had to suffer while they whined 'it's too hard.'

She doubted Peter would get far, and was about to stop him when he made the first jump with ease and began to progress fast.

Natasha gaped as he swung, climbed and jumped better than Steve or Bucky ever did. He made it past both of their personal best much quicker than they had, landing gracefully. He hadn't even broken a sweat.

He looked at her and Natasha could've sworn something in his eyes sparked for a flash. They had suddenly looked sad, scared. And then back to his fury.

Natasha could've sworn she saw a tear before he turned away.

'They need to make that harder,' he called back as he left, leaving Natasha shocked and mad.

Who had messed with her ребенок паук?

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Peter lay in his bed. HYDRA didn't let him sleep but he had to be in bed so FRIDAY wouldn't tell Tony. Peter had had enough. He was sick and tired of doing what HYDRA wanted, he was sick and tired of hurting his friends and family and he was sick and tired of being someone else.

He just wanted to be Peter.

He willed himself to get up. He tried so hard, training all his focus on moving his body for himself.

His head felt like fire and he screamed.

He screamed from the pain and tension building in his head as he brought himself up.

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'Boss!' FRIDAY called to Tony in his lab.

'What is it, FRI?'

'Peter seems to be in pain, he is currently screaming,' FRIDAY informed him and his stomach immediately plummeted. He dropped what he was doing and ran to Peter's room and heard the screaming himself. It sounded so hurt, so sad and scared. He opened the door and immediately the screaming stopped.

'Peter?' Tony quickly made his way to Peter's side.

'What?' he replied harshly. Tony was taken aback.

'You were screaming, that's what. Are you okay?' he asked. What was wrong with his kid?

'I'm fine, go away,' he said lying back down.

'Kid, you were just screaming, what do you mean you're-' Tony saw tears streaming down his face. 'Kid, please talk to me,' he begged.

'I'm fine!'

'Then why are you crying?'

He brought a hand to his cheek. 'I'm not-' he pulled his now wet fingers away. '...crying'.

He groaned. 'Just go away! Let me sleep!'

Tony left, not knowing what else to do.

As he got safely out of Peter's earshot, he turned to the ceiling. 'FRI, when is the last time since Peter got some sleep?'

He didn't know what happened to his kid...

'Peter has not slept in 3 days and 15 hours, Boss.'

...but Tony would find out.

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The Avengers plus Happy and two kids that Natasha assumed was Ned and MJ sat in the conference room, some with confused looks and some with knowing.

They had all noticed Peter's attitude change and were all eager to know what was going on. Of course none of them believed he would ever act the way he did but none of them had a reason behind his actions.

Until Tony Stark walked in. He walking to the centre of the room, all eyes trained on his every move.

'I'm guessing you've noticed somethings up with Pete?' he asked the room receiving nods and affirmations.

'MJ and Ned here are friends of Peter's, as you all know since he talks about them non-stop,' he continued, smirking fondly. 'I have some footage that might explain his behaviour. FRIDAY?'

'Playing security footage, Monday July 15th, Midtown High School,' FRIDAY informed before turning the lights down and showing the security footage on the screen. Everyone turned and watched. Watched Peter sneak off behind a building, watch him get surrounding and overpowered. He was knocked out and thrown into one of their cars.

FRIDAY turned it off and worried looks focused back on Tony. 'I think its safe to say Peter obviously doesn't have control over the things he is saying and doing, or else he'd be apologising forever,' Tony finished, looking around expectantly.

'Well what are we waiting for? Clint said, standing up straight from his position leaning on the wall. 'Let's go kick some HYDRA butts,'

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clint crawled through the vents (like the idiot he is, Tony thinks but can't bother to tell him off for it) while the rest of the team along with Happy, Ned and MJ, swiftly made their way to Peter's room, not far from the conference room. Sam had gone to to contact Thor and (mush to his dismay) Loki, as well as T'Challa and Shuri thinking they could someone provide insight. As they got to his door, Clint opting to go above Peter's bed and wait for everyone to come in, they heard talking. They all stopped outside his door and listened.

'What is your name?' a stern voice asked, voice slightly muffled by the door.

'Alpha 1,' Peter's empty voice replied, making everyone freeze. Alpha 1?

'Very good, Alpha 1. Now, mission report'

Bucky paled significantly, looking terrified for Peter while Clint, Steve, Natasha and Tony saw red. No one messes with their kid.

Everyone was quiet. Even Peter. Why wasn't he giving the HYDRA man a 'report'?

'I said Alpha 1, mission report. Now.'

'No,' Peter's voice sounded more like Peter then it had in a while.

Silence.

'Alpha 1, I demand-'

'My name is Peter.'

'No, your name is Al-'

'Peter.'

Tony felt pride blossom in his chest. Peter was fighting.

'You're going to regret stepping out of line,' the voice said before Peter started screaming in pain.

Tony scrambled for the door knob, twisting it and shoving his shoulder into the door but it was locked.

'FRI, open the door!'

'I cannot without permission from Peter or the override code,'

There was a crash inside. Clint.

The vent smashed to the ground and Clint jumped out, rushing over to Peter who was still screaming on his bed.

'Hey, hey, hey, you're okay, Pete,' Clint rambled, trying to find the reason for his screaming. But he couldn't find anything. He could head bands and thuds on the door as the others tried to get in but he didn't want to leave Peter's side. Clint held his hands to his head. What should he do? How can he help?

Clint hated seeing Peter in pain like this. He hated when Peter came home covered in blood or with a snapped wrist or crying. He hated seeing Peter anything but happy so when the screaming finally stopped, Clint found himself gasping for air too.

'Your name is Alpha 1,' Clint heard, realising the HYDRA man was still on the phone. He grabbed Peter's phone, whispering 'FRI, track the number,' before turning the microphone off and putting it on silent so Peter couldn't hear the man and the man wouldn't hear Clint.

'Hey, kid, you okay?' Clint asked, nervously, sitting next to the exhausted Spider.

'I'm Peter, I'm Peter,' he panted frantically.

'That's right. Peter. Peter Parker,' Clint encouraged, feeling his skin crawl at the thought of Peter being controlled.

The bedroom door was kicked down by Steve and everyone rushed in, Tony making a beeline for Peter.

'Hey kid, you good?' he asked, helping Peter into a sitting position.

Peter whimpered in response, whispering, 'put me in a cell,'  
Everyone was shocked.  
'Why, ребенок паук?' Nat asked.  
'Because he doesn't want to hurt anyone,' Bucky said, understandingly.  
'But you can fight this Alpha thing, can't you?' Ned asked.  
Peter's gaze snapped to MJ and Ned, 'you can't be hear. I can't control it and I don't wanna hurt you. You guys are the only people who can't fight,'  
'We can handle ourselves,' MJ said defensively.  
Peter shook his head, 'not against Alpha 1,'  
'Boss, I have tracked the phone number to an abandoned HYDRA base 10 miles south of here,'  
FRIDAY distracted them.  
'Thanks, FRI,' Tony replied. They'd worry about that later, he thought as he turned back to Peter.  
His heart stopped when he saw Peter, his eyes dark.  
'Happy, get the kids out of here,' Tony said, everyone backing away slowly.  
Happy obeyed despite their protests.  
Once they left, Tony tried talking to Peter.  
'Pete, I need you to fight this, because none of us want to fight you,' he said  
'You should have listened to the boy and put him in a cell,' the Alpha 1 said through Peter, before lunging at Clint, who was closest to him.  
Clint, who didn't expect the hit, was pushed into the wall, smashing his head in the corner of Peter's desk and falling to the ground.  
Natasha immediately tried to hold Alpha 1 down but he easily threw her to the side in time to dodge Steve as he threw himself at him. Tony double tapped his chest, making the nanotech form around his body. He launched himself at Peter's legs, making him stumble as Bucky ran forward and grabbed him from behind.  
He struggled as Bucky held him and Steve quickly joined in. They managed to pin him down while Natasha sadly handcuffed him. Alpha 1 let out a furious growl before going oddly still, leaving a wheezing Peter.  
Natasha hoisted him up but his knees buckled and he collapsed back onto his knees.  
'M' sorry,' he said, breathlessly, but looking at Clint's form only made his breathing quicker.  
'Sorry, sorry,' he repeated to himself.  
Steve went over to Clint's unconscious form, checking his pulse and head.  
'He'll be fine,' Steve said back to the rest.  
'Pete, look at me,' Tony said, crouching down in front of his son.  
Peter hesitantly lofted his eyes to Tony, tears slipping.  
'It is not your fault, Peter. Okay?' Peter looked back down guiltily.  
'Okay?' Tony pressed when he didn't get an answer.  
Peter slowly nodded.  
But it didn't stop him thinking that it was.

## Chapter End Notes

What Avenger couples do you want to see in the next chapters?

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